

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVII. No. 18

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 30, 1927

OUT of a bright blue sky, the sun shone down on an Egyptian boy fast asleep beside his little gray donkey. In his dream, some one shouted at him. At first, it was one voice, then a great many voices.

Semmi shook himself, wondering what was the matter. When he sat up, wide-awake in an instant.

He spied a boat at the edge of the river — not a big tourist steamer, but a little "dahabiah" like the ones in which the richer travelers journeyed more slowly and luxuriously to the Nile. Around it already clustered a half dozen other boys, each crying shrilly: "Take my donkey, Mister — take mine!"

At the very moment when Semmi, bounding to his feet, ran swiftly to join the group, one boy shouted: "My donkey — he best, Mister. Take him — he name 'Yankee Doodle'!" The leader of the touring party laughed. "All right. I'll take your 'Yankee Doodle' for my children. He's too small for me."

Semmi heard the conversation. He knew Amfu who shouted so loudly and he knew Amfu's donkey, named, for this day, "Yankee Doodle." Tomorrow, if the tourists were French instead of American, Amfu would insist: "My donkey best, Mister. He name 'Napoleon'!"

By this trick, Amfu nearly always succeeded in getting a rider. Semmi thought desperately: "He'll get one today and I won't. I need the money. Uncle will scold or maybe whip me."

An idea! Semmi pushed his way forward. "Mister, my donkey same name every day! He name 'Lost and Found.'" The tall man laughed, but he still favored "Yankee Doodle." It was his children who decided. "Father," cried the girl, "I'd rather have this one — 'Lost and Found'."

Her brother sniffed. "The name's a joke. Nobody ever lost anything in Egypt and found it again. You know, someone

Lost and Found

By Ruth Kathryn Gaylord



picked up Mother's ring the minute she laid it down; and the day you dropped your bag, we went right back but it was gone."

Semmi did not know a great deal of English, but he understood now what the boy was talking about. "You mean — somebody steal? Maybe — not me," he said. Then earnestly he repeated, "Me never steal. You lose thing — me find it — bring back."

Amfu pushed him aside crossly. "Take my donkey, Mister," he implored.

But the girl said again, "Father, I like the 'Lost and Found' one. Its name is so queer and the boy is so nice." She turned to Semmi. "Can we both ride on your donkey?"

Semmi nodded. "He strong. You not very heavy."

So immediately the procession started. There were five donkeys in all, for Mr. White, the American, had several friends with him besides his family. Last in line, Semmi with his stick urged Lost and Found to move along. They were headed out of Luxor toward the Valley of the Kings, where tourists usually went to see the tombs and Queen Hatshepsut's terraced temple.

It was a long, hot walk, but Semmi was used to it. He trudged along through the sand, perfectly content because he had gotten a rider — or really two riders — and there would be coins in his pocket when he returned home. Amfu, of course, was provoked but he could not help that. He had gotten his riders honestly.

To his bare feet, the sun-baked sand felt hot. Even the boy and girl on the donkey looked hot, too. Semmi wondered what their father was doing here. Perhaps he was an archeologist. Egypt was full of them — men who got permits from the government to dig up old ruins. Semmi had always thought that out in the world there must be much more interesting things to do. Still, the strangers were

always excited, and the older and dustier the things they dug up the better they seemed to like them!

"When I'm grown up," Semmi planned, "and have money enough, I shall study and learn why the stars move around in the sky or why the river rises the same month each year. I sha'n't spend my time digging in the ground."

He discovered soon, however, that Mr. White was not an archeologist. He was a photographer. When they came in sight of the temple, he made the procession stop, while he set up a huge camera and took pictures in different directions.

Meanwhile, Dick and Alice got down to walk around, stretching their cramped legs. Semmi and the donkey lay down on the sand. Lost and Found shut his eyes for a donkey snooze, but Semmi kept his wide open to watch the American boy and girl. He could hear, too, what they were saying.

"Those cliffs behind the temple are sort of pretty," Alice remarked.

But Dick answered, "Not so good-looking as plenty of hills in the United States! I suppose, though," he added, "the fellows back home in school envy me being over here."

"School?" Semmi pricked up his ears. It was in school that one could learn about the stars and the river.

He asked, "Do you go to school?"

Dick and Alice both stared at him. "Why, of course, when we're at home," Alice said. "Everybody does."

"It's just as bad over here, too," Dick added; "because our mother gives us lessons when we're traveling and we have to study just the same."

"We're going to stay in Cairo," Alice said, "all next winter, so Father can write his book — the one he'll put these pictures in."

"Cairo?" echoed Semmi. "Me go to Cairo — some day."

"Haven't you ever been there?"

The Egyptian boy shook his head. "Me live here with my uncle. Me drive donkey always I can remember. Once me lose him. He come back. So he name 'Lost and Found.'" Semmi grinned, for he knew that in English this was a joke.

Dick and Alice laughed, too, as they climbed upon the donkey's back again.

Half an hour later, they reached the temple. His job done, Semmi let the Americans go where they liked. He himself curled up in the shadow of a huge pillar, and this time he went sound asleep.

He was awakened by Alice who was shaking his shoulder. "Boy!" she cried. "Boy, look where my brother is! He took your donkey and rode up toward those cliffs. He's gone so high, he can't ever come down. I'm so frightened!"

Semmi could see that she was terrified. "He come down all right," he soothed. Shading his eyes he tried to make out where Dick was. Presently he spied him. "Oh, look!" Alice cried. "Didn't you see him then? The donkey slipped. He's going to fall!"

"Donkey no fall," Semmi answered her. "Never do that."

And he was right. As they watched, the sturdy little beast picked his way surely and safely down from the rocks which Dick had urged him to climb.

"What made you go off up there?" Alice gasped, running to meet her brother. "It looks so dangerous."

Dick shrugged, "Oh, it's not so bad, for an adventure! I nearly fell off once," he acknowledged, "but not quite. The donkey almost stood on his head."

"He good donkey," Semmi declared.

Alice agreed eagerly, "Yes, he is a fine donkey. I think he's wonderful. He must be tired, though, and it's time to start back."

They had ridden several miles when Dick missed his watch. It was one his father had given him. He searched every pocket. "Well, it's gone," he decided, "and there's one thing sure — I'll never see it again. When you lose anything in Egypt, it's gone for good. We've found that out." He spoke crossly because he felt so badly.

Alice tried to think of something cheer-

The Lollypop's Ride

BY CAROLINE SMITH

Said the green and white duck to the lollypop:

"Will you go for a ride with me?

We'll start right away in the little red boat,

For a sail on the bath-tub sea."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the lollypop,

"I'd like very much to go,

If you think it's quite safe, for if I fell in

I'd certainly melt, you know."

"Oh! it's perfectly safe," said the green and white duck,

"As safe as the parlor floor."

So the lady stepped in — the boat was pushed off,

And they sailed for an hour or more.

A terrible thing then happened to them: The boat began to sink.

It filled with water and went right down,

Before they had time to think.

The duck tried to dive, but floated each time;

And cried: "What shall I do?

You'll very soon melt, little lollypop, I wish I could rescue you."

And then friend frog came hopping along,

And asked: "What's the noise about?"

He took one look at the lollypop,

Plunged in and fished her out.

As he and the duck helped the lady to shore,

Partly melted and wet as could be:

"It would be a good plan when you go for a sail

The next time," said the frog, "to take me."

ful to say. "This boy lost his donkey once and then found it again!"

"Me find your watch maybe," Semmi broke in. "Bring it back to you."

Dick laughed shortly. "I guess not!" he said, and by his tone of voice, Semmi knew what he meant.

As he trudged along in the sand, he reflected that this American boy thought he would keep his watch if he ever did have the luck to find it. The idea made him angry, and he repeated stubbornly, "Me find it maybe. Bring it back."

"All right," Dick agreed; "when you see me next time!" and he laughed as though it were a joke.

But Alice said, "We are going further up the river — then of course we'll come back. Father wants to take different pictures of the same places later in the season when the river has flooded all around here. Perhaps you'll have found the watch then."

"Me look," Semmi promised.

He did look — patiently, stubbornly, day after day. Whenever a tourist rode out to the temple, instead of sleeping while he waited, Semmi climbed around the rough base of the cliffs. There were so many cracks and holes between the rocks where a watch might have fallen. He was really afraid he never could find it, but he kept on looking.

When the other donkey-boys learned of his searching, they made all manner of fun of him — especially Amfu. He teased him every time that he chanced to meet him. "If I found a watch," he declared, "I'd give it to my sister. Jewelry is meant for women."

Semmi shook his head. "When I find it, I'll give it to the American boy. It belongs to him."

In his heart, he was beginning to doubt whether he ever would find it. Still he kept up the search by remembering how Dick had scornfully laughed when he said: "Nobody finds anything lost in Egypt." Semmi had a proud sort of feeling that in finding and returning this American boy's watch, he would be proving his country to be honest. So he clambered over the foothills of the cliff, looking and looking.

He had searched in all the easier places, but there remained a sort of canyon hard to reach. A day came when Semmi let himself cautiously down into it. But the watch was not there, and climbing back up was painfully hard.

Working his way and climbing tightly with fingers and toes, suddenly he slipped and fell heavily. The rock at which he clutched gave way and rolled down after him, bruising his elbow. After a moment, Semmi sat up and cautiously moved first one limb, then another. "I am not killed — nor am I broken!" he concluded. But he knew that for many days he would be stiff and sore. In that minute, he decided, "I will stop. I have looked enough now for that —"

He never finished the sentence, for he spied something of silver lying close by, within reach of his hands. It was Dick's watch. Dislodged from its hiding-place by the rolling rock, it lay — with glass broken, of course — but otherwise apparently unharmed. In the dry atmosphere of Egypt, it almost never rains.

Cautiously, Semmi turned the winder once around, as he had seen men do. Then he held the watch to his ear. "Tick-tick!" Forgetting his bruises, he sprang joyfully to his feet.

He had been gone longer than usual, and the tourist, who had been waiting for his donkey, greeted him crossly; but Semmi did not care. He cared for nothing now except to see the Americans on their return trip down the Nile.

The day when they landed from the "dahabeah" he nearly missed them. Another customer had employed him that morning. It was only by chance that he

turned, just as the boat was pulling in.

"Wait!" he screamed. "Make them wait!"

Holding the watch high, he ran as fast as he could in his long, one-piece garment.

Alice saw him and cried, "Oh, it's the boy with the donkey, Lost and Found! Pick, O Dick, look! There's your watch. He did find it and he's brought it—"

When the "dahabeah" finally moved away from shore, Amfu poked his own donkey spitefully. "Some people have no sense — to make such a fuss over that Semmi." Instead of the usual turban, Amfu was wearing a red "tarboosh." Now he shook its tassel back out of his eyes. "That Semmi, too, he has no sense. If I got my choice between money and going to school — I'd take the money, not Cairo."

Later he told the other donkey-boys, "It is true that Americans are crazy; but Semmi is crazier!"

Orchards in the Sky

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

I like to think that snowflakes
Drifting in the air
Are petals brightly tinted
From distant orchards fair.

Far up in lofty cloudland
The shining orchards grow
And humming bees of silver
Among the blossoms go.

Wee birds with downy feathers
As white as clouds we see,
On swift, pink wings go fleeting
From gleaming tree to tree.

Then, when the summer's over,
The winds come softly by,
And from the trees the blossoms
Drift downward from the sky.

They bring the sparkling beauty
Of countries far away
And make the high white snowdrifts
On which the children play!

The Catbirds and the Cat

BY JANE R. JOHNSON

The latter part of a warm August afternoon, I was reading in the shade when the stillness was broken by cries of distress from two catbirds. They were perched on a grapevine trellis on the north side of the garden. I went quite near them and asked them what was the matter. They told me the whole story over again, with many flutterings and cries. Then spreading their wings flew to a tall pear tree on the opposite side of the garden. I followed.

There were many more birds in that tree, some fifteen or twenty, I should say. They all chattered together in earnest,



BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Text: He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good.

—Proverbs 16:20.

HOW many boys and girls I have heard say things like this: "I never can do what I want to! You never let me go camping or swimming, or to the circus!" And some older ones say: "Well, why *can't* I go to the party?"

Have you ever felt like that or talked like that? I'm not going to ask you to put down the number of times because you probably couldn't come within a mile of the right number — so often do we young folks hear a "No" that knocks our plans to pieces like a bolt of lightning. I can still remember some "No's" that seemed to wreck my young life — disappointment always was a lot more real even than being in love.

I suppose all fathers and mothers are trying to do their best for their boys and girls. And when you think of how soon a colt or a calf grows up and can take care of itself, *our* fathers and mothers must spend a pretty long time in trying to do their best for us. But I think that there are some fathers and mothers who carry too far the business of trying to do their best, with the result that many perfectly sound, capable, trustworthy boys and girls are given a hand too late in their own decisions. There are too many people without one of the greatest gifts in the world — what we call "initiative" — the ability to think and act for themselves. This lack is due to someone's having done his best too long for the persons in question who just never grow into the habit of using their heads and hands.

But we're a bit off the track here. The

boys and girls whom I was going to talk to in The Crow's Nest, this morning, are those who most often are heard to say: "You *never* trust me. I *never* can do what I want to!"

Do you know why there are so many of you? The reason is this: You haven't GROWN UP. You are not like grown people yet. Wise fathers and mothers just have to decide for you a while longer until you do grow up and can be trusted.

I think I've used the secret word: TRUSTED. TO BE GROWN UP MEANS TO BE AN EQUAL. TO BE AN EQUAL MEANS TO BE TRUSTED. There's the whole secret for you who shout, or yell, or whimper, or wail, — "You never trust me. I never can do what I want!" Just as soon as you can prove to your father or mother that you can be trusted to decide wisely and safely — and *very* often, *economically* — then you will find skating parties, sleigh rides, dances, hikes and snow-fights coming your way so fast that you will think old Santa himself has been down to see your parents and "tip them off" that you are as grown up and wise as he is.

When an older person comes to your house, as a guest for overnight, does your father or mother talk to her like this:

"Why didn't you comb your hair this morning?"

"Did you shut off the light in the hall?"

"Did you turn your bed-covers down when you got up?"

"I hope you cleaned your teeth."

Of course not! Your guest is grown up! She doesn't have to be "checked over" like your father's sedan as it comes out of the service station. Your guest is trusted. She knows what to do and when to do it. She can FIT IN. She doesn't "crab" and grouch. The guest doesn't have to be told. She can be trusted.

Why not go home this Sunday to be the guest of your own family? For goodness' sake don't yell as you enter the front door: "I am the guest of my family!" Guests don't do that. They just ACT as guests and are treated as equals and are TRUSTED to use their heads.

the bush, out of reach of the cat, where the parent birds could the more readily coax it back to the nest.

I was filled with wonder and admiration at the tactics of the birds, their friendly cooperation, and the beauty of their flying wedge.

TOMMIE—"Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner some place, should I eat pie with a fork?"

GRANDMA—"Yes, indeed, Tommie."

TOMMIE—"You haven't got a pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, grandma?"—*The Haversack.*

anxious tones for a few minutes. Then formed themselves into a solid triangle, my two little friends leading at the apex, and swooped down at a big black cat crouched in the path just ahead of me. They retreated and advanced in this formation several times, till puss, evidently concluding discretion the better part of valor, slowly moved away.

I walked after him, and soon spied, under a syringa bush, a small fledgling bird, just old enough to learn to fly. "Aha," I said to myself, "now I know what the trouble is all about!" Picking up the tiny creature, I placed it high on



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Club Members: Will some of our stamp collectors please note the first letter in this column and help Elizabeth to get a good start in her new Christmas stamp album? Surely some of our collectors will be glad to exchange some stamps which they have for some from Denmark and South Africa. I hope, too, that some of our older girls will write to Hertha Klein, whose letter is also printed in this column.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

19 LEE AVE.,
TRENTON, N. J.

Dear Editor: I am saving stamps and I should like to exchange stamps with someone. I have a number of stamps from Denmark and South Africa. I got a stamp album for Christmas and I have the first three stamps in now. I go to the First Unitarian Church in Trenton and my teacher's name is Miss Cook. At present we haven't any minister. I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I am the first person in our Sunday School to be a member so far as I know.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH NICOLAYSEN.

1545 PARK AVE.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Editor: I go to All Souls' Unitarian Church and we get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I am sending a poem entitled "Topsy-Turvy." I hope you can use it. I am eleven years old.

Yours truly,

JANE PATTON.

1001 So. OHIO AVE.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Independent Protestant Sunday School. I am fourteen years old and I

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

THE CUBS' COLUMN

Dear Cubs: Some of the unpleasant after-effects of Christmas are described in this poem by Jane Patton of All Souls' Church School, Indianapolis. Young bears do like sweets, but we hope you have not taken so much that you have felt it necessary to hibernate. The Cubs' Column needs your stories and verse.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

Topsy-Turvy

BY JANE PATTON (AGE 11)

The chairs were talking loudly,
The table was dancing a jig;
The piano was asking profoundly
What had become of its wig.

The cat was on the couch,
Taking her noonday nap;
All of a sudden the cat cried "Ouch,"
For the radio had jumped on her lap.

It was then the blind flew up,
Making an awful crack;
The lamp got so mad he chased the pup
Which he threatened to tie in a sack.

Sing Yankee Doodle Dandy,
For things are not as they seem;
A boy had eaten too much candy
And the result was this terrible dream.

should like it very much if some girls of my age would correspond with me.

Yours sincerely,

HERTHA L. KLEIN.

BURDETT AVE.,
HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am ten years old. I go to a Unitarian church. The minister is Rev. E. P. Daniels. He is my father. I should like to be a member of your Club. I think *The Beacon* is very interesting.

Sincerely yours,

JANE DANIELS.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 38 letters and am a quotation from the book of Thessalonians.

My 36, 30, 32, 31, 9, 2, 35, 17 is to be charitable.

My 27, 26, 3, 12, 34, 16, 8 is to be brave.

My 24, 34, 9 is part of the head.

My 18, 19, 12, 33, 28, 16 is to bleach.

My 6, 10, 35, 36, 1, 5, 23 is to be lordly.

My 21, 22, 31, 7, 9 is to encourage.

My 25, 26, 29, 14, 38 is a custom.

My 4, 20, 13, 38, 15 is again.

My 37, 26, 11 is possessed.

BARBARA SNYDER.

Nuts Added

1. Add a nut to a refreshing drink, and it is still a nut.

2. Add a nut to a part of a house, and it is still a nut.

3. Add a nut to a vegetable, and it is still a nut.

4. Add a nut to a girl's name, and it is still a nut.

5. Add a nut to a box with a lid, and it is still a nut.

6. Add a nut to an ornamental tree, and it is still a nut.

—The Mayflower.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 16

Enigma.—Christmas greetings.

Pi.—Of all the books I've read this fall

I like *The Beacon* best of all.

Decapitations.—1. A-bet 2. U-sage 3. T-ax 4. U-surer 5. M-ad 6. N-ear.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917 authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.